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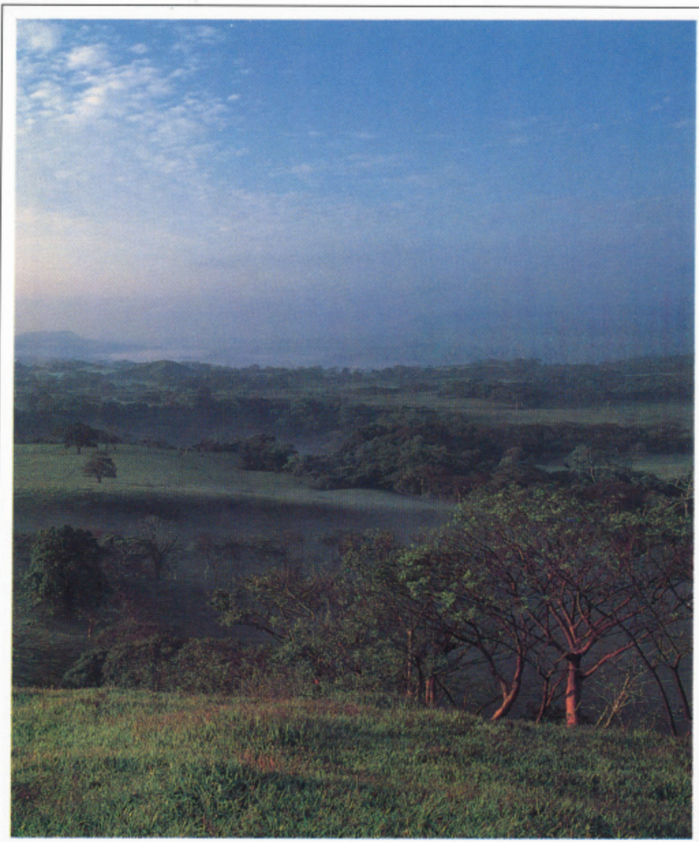


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About The Cover: "Ice Skaters" by Danquart Anton Weggeland (1827-1928) reflects the artist's own Scandinavian upbringing as well as the winter sights of 1870 Utah. A native of Norway, Weggeland studied at the Royal Academy of Art in Copenhagen, where he was converted to Mormonism by pioneer artist C.C.A. Christensen. In Utah he influenced most of the artists who participated in the Paris Art Mission, which is described by art historian Linda Jones Gibbs in this issue of *Pioneer*. (Courtesy Museum of Church History and Art)

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President's Message

PRESIDENT ANGUS BELLISTON

New Beginnings

New beginnings . . .
The original *Pioneer* magazine was published by the National Society of the Sons of Utah Pioneers 55 years ago in anticipation of the centennial of the epic trek of the Mormon pioneers across western America to the valleys of the mountains. It has served the membership well. But now we make a new beginning as we "go public" with this expanded and enhanced publication, which is dedicated to preserving for the next generation the heritage of our noble forebears — preserving the story for our children and grandchildren who still must face their own formidable frontiers.

New beginnings . . .

The early settlers sought a new start. They sought a new life, with a vision of newly revealed truth. They sought and struggled with faith in God, courage in adversity, hard work, integrity and unyielding determination. They found the road to Zion rutted and blocked by obstacles. They were faced with difficulties almost beyond human endurance. They longed for an end to these trials but found only the relentless necessity to press toward a goal invisible beyond the

next horizon. But they kept on, and they prevailed. We must remember them. We must keep the legacy alive.

New beginnings . . .

It's a new year now. It's also a new day, a new era. But there are still new frontiers, and there is still a demand for pioneers. Our youngsters wait to hear stories of their forefathers, stories to excite in their hearts the same zeal that was in Grandpa's heart, and the same desire for Zion that led him and Grandma on and on.

New beginnings . . .

This new magazine is only one evidence of the stirrings within the National Society of the Sons of Utah Pioneers. We look toward the ses-

quicentennial in 1997, 150 years since the valley was settled. With treks and memorials, monuments and symposia, testimonials for early pioneers and scholarships for pioneers of tomorrow we hope to tell the story better than ever before.

We invite you to join us in these new beginnings. Whether a descendant or a friend of the pioneers, we invite you to use the subscription/membership card in the magazine to join the Society. Your membership includes a subscription to this magazine and a chance to help spread the word.

Together we'll keep the legacy alive! ▼

PIONEER MAGAZINE MISSION STATEMENT

The National Society of the Sons of Utah Pioneers honors early pioneers for their faith in God, devotion to family, loyalty to church and country, hard work, service to others, courage in adversity, personal integrity and unyielding determination.

The Society also honors modern-day pioneers, both young and older, who exemplify these same ideals. We aim to demonstrate and teach these qualities to youth and all others whom we can influence. We hope to keep alive the ideals of true manhood and womanhood that cause ordinary people to achieve nobly.

Pioneer magazine supports the mission of the Society. It will publish the story of the Utah pioneers with high standards of professional skill and historical accuracy in an attractive and popular format. Its editorial theme is that the achievements of the Utah pioneers resulted from their faith in the gospel of Jesus Christ.

A new SUP tradition was born Nov. 6 when the National Society of the Sons of Utah Pioneers sponsored a Utah History Symposium at the national headquarters in Salt Lake City. More than 90 SUP members and their guests attended the symposium to hear presentations from noted historians on a wide variety of interesting subjects relative to Utah's pioneering past.

Plan now to join SUP on a March tour of Mormon colonies in Mexico

Leonard Arrington, former LDS Church historian and current *Pioneer* columnist, delivered the symposium's keynote address, "An Overview of Utah Territory History." Other presentations included "A Sermon in Stone: The Salt Lake Temple" by BYU Church history professor Richard Holzapfel; "Brigham Young's Family" and "A New Look at Early Mormon Settlements" by Utah archivist Jeffery O. Johnson; "Pioneer Salt Lake City in Pictures" by BYU history professor

Ronald Walker; and "Stories From Early Journals" by Dr. Richard Cracroft, former BYU dean of humanities.

"The symposium was so well-received, we've decided to make it an annual affair," said SUP executive secretary O. Geral Wilde. "The sessions were all highly informative and the people who attended were enthusiastic about the information they received. We are excit-

ed about making a November symposium an annual addition to the SUP calendar."

And we'll be looking to make symposium presentations a regular part of *Pioneer*, as well.

Nominations are now in order!

SUP Nominating Committee Chairman Orson D. Wright indicates that it is now time to make your nominations for the next slate of SUP officers. Elections will be held this year

for a national president-elect (a three-year commitment, including one year as national president), a member of the national Financial Advisory Council (a three-year commitment) and area vice presidents (a two-year commitment) for the following areas: Utah Weber, Utah Davis/North Salt Lake, Salt Lake South-West, Salt Lake South-East, Utah/South-West, Utah/South-East, Arizona/North, Arizona/Central and California/North.

"Each chapter is urged to seek out potential candidates," Dr. Wright said. "This is an opportunity for SUP members to participate in and be a part of the national program."

Names should be submitted in writing to Dr. Wright at 3450 East Oaks Drive, Salt Lake City, Utah 84124. Nominations should be received no later than March 10, 1994.

One of the most fascinating parts of pioneer history has to do with the Mormon colonies in northern Mexico. Established during the late 1800s, they became a refuge from persecution in the United States for the families of plural marriage.

This March, the National Society will conduct a nine-day air and bus trek to study this interesting pio-

neer saga. Scheduled to depart Salt Lake City March 21 and return March 30, the trek will include a train ride through Mexico's giant Copper Canyon; bus trips to a Mexican Mennonite colony, Pancho Villa country and the Mormon colonies near Juarez and Dublan; a stop in Tombstone, Ariz.; and a visit to the Mesa Temple, which will include a performance of the acclaimed Mesa Temple Easter Pageant.

Cost for the trip will be approximately \$1,200 per person. For more information, please contact the National SUP Office (801) 484-4441; Hyde Tours (801) 966-4242; or Ken Rasmussen (801) 254-2763.

UPCOMING EVENTS

March 21-30 Trek to Mormon colonies in Mexico and Mesa Temple pageant

April Early Pioneers Commemoration

July 25 Brigham Young Statue unveiled, Utah State Capitol

September Modern Pioneers Commemoration

October 6-8 National Encampment in St. George, Utah

November Utah History Symposium

THE PARIS ART MISSION

BRINGING THE REFINING INFLUENCES OF ART HOME TO UTAH

In the spring of 1890, with construction nearing completion on the Salt Lake Temple of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, John Hafen, an aspiring artist who had immigrated to Utah from Switzerland in 1863, wrote to President George Q. Cannon of the church's First Presidency. →

B Y L I N D A J O N E S G I B B S







"John The Baptist Presents Christ" by Herman Haag

Overleaf: *"The Harvest" by Lorus Pratt*
Photo: Courtesy Museum of Church History and Art



Photo courtesy Museum of Church History and Art

Salt Lake Temple Mural

“What are we going to do, Brother Cannon, when the beautiful temple in Salt Lake City is ready to receive inside decoration?” Hafen asked. “Who is there amongst all our people capable to do . . . justice to artwork that should be executed therein?”¹

Hafen went on to propose that he and two other artists, Lorus Pratt and John B. Fairbanks, be sent by the church to France to study art. In return, they would contribute their talents to the painting of murals that would enhance the religious impact of the new temple’s endowment rooms.

Hafen mentioned that another artist from Utah, James T. Harwood, had already led the way to France in 1881. Harwood’s frugality had allowed him to live there on very little money. Harwood had also brought prestige to Utah through his admission to the famous *Ecole des Beaux Arts* in Paris.

Hafen, Pratt and Fairbanks submitted an official proposal to the First Presidency asking for one year’s sponsorship in France. While church leaders deliberated, the three artists hiked to Ensign Peak, where they prayed that their wish would be granted.

Their prayers were answered. On June 3, 1890, a unique moment in LDS Church history occurred when the three men were set apart as missionaries with a special purpose. They would later be joined in Paris by Edwin Evans and Herman Haag.

Their departure for France was bittersweet. According to Fairbanks: “I bade farewell to my wife, my family and my home, and set out for a foreign land. Four of my darling little ones accompanied me to the depot, where I kissed their little faces, knowing I would not see them again for two years . . . ‘All aboard’ came the cry of the conductor and we were soon speeding eastward. After a few moments of reflection, we began to talk of our plans for the future. In that we found consolation.”²

After an unpleasant 11-day voyage across the ocean sharing a seven-foot-by-eight-foot cabin, the art missionaries arrived in England. They spent a couple of weeks in London



"Bluffdale" by John Hafen

before leaving for Paris, arriving there on the 24th of July — from their perspective, an auspicious day to begin their unique pioneering effort.

Like Harwood before them, the art missionaries enrolled in the Julian Academy, founded in 1868 to accommodate the great influx of international students who could not all be admitted into government schools. Intent on a formal education, the Utah artists spent much of their time developing technical skills at the academy. Meticulous drawing

was emphasized as was the importance of subject matter. Acceptable themes were taken from historical or literary sources. One fine example is Haag's "John the Baptist Presents Christ to the People," which won an award at one of the academy competitions. It displays his skill at drawing and shading as well as composing a group of figures.

Like many other artists in Paris, the Utahns occasionally sought escape from the rigorous indoor studio routine by painting on the weekends and in the summer months in the



Salt Lake Temple Mural



"The Gleaners" by James T. Harwood

French countryside. This change of working in direct sunlight resulted in a change in their work, which Hafen acknowledged in a letter home: "I still love careful fine work with an absence of brush daubs in it, only I am trying to get more power, life and spirit into my work."

During this time the work of the Utah artists came under the influence of impressionism, an artistic style that was still a vital force in France since the last formal impressionist exhibition in 1886. By painting in the out of doors, the

impressionists attempted to capture the sensation of the moment, a glimpse of nature rather than a carefully composed scene painted within a studio. Such works as Edwin Evans' "Grain Fields" of 1890 and John Clawson's "French Landscape" of the early 1890s show the affects of working directly in the open air and bright sunshine. Harwood's "Gleaners" of 1890 is a most outstanding example of impressionism by a Utah artist.

For all the enrichment France had to offer, the Utah



"Kolob Mountain" by John Hafen

artists were always intent upon returning home. Homesickness is evident in their letters home; Hafen even complained about the quality of French pastries. In another letter to Fairbanks from Switzerland, Hafen counsels his colleague *not* to come to Switzerland to sketch, claiming that their own mountain homes were better than that country.

While in Paris, the art missionaries received encourage-

ment from church authorities. In September of 1892, George Q. Cannon wrote to Lorus Pratt, asking to be remembered to the other Utahns. "We feel deeply interested in your success," President Cannon wrote. "We want you to become good artists, and to avail yourselves of all the advantages which the French government has so liberally put within the reach of students . . . We want to see our young



men qualified in every direction, so that the Lord's name may be glorified and his cause advanced through their labors and their proficiency in all the arts and sciences . . . "3

By 1892 all the art missionaries had returned home. Hafen, Pratt, Evans and Fairbanks made immediate preparations to paint the murals for the Garden and World rooms of the temple. In just a few months, with the help of their

former teacher Dan Weggeland, the murals were completed in time for the temple dedication on April 6, 1893. Their visual impact was noted in the *Salt Lake Herald*: ". . . the magnificence and splendor of the decorations burst upon the spectator, who passes in wonder and amazement from one scene of beauty to visions still more enchanting. Forest scenery, streams, mountains and wild beasts are depicted with such marvelous skill that the spectator is almost convinced that he is standing in the midst of the creation wilds."⁴

Unfortunately, little of the original mural work can be seen today. Massive over-painting has occurred through the years due to the flaking of the paint, structural changes in the rooms and, in more recent years, what seems to have been an attempt to improve them artistically.

The temple murals, however, were only the beginning of the artists' contributions to the Utah community. They formed arts organizations and most taught privately and at the secondary and university level. They exhibited widely, winning awards in Utah and in other competitions in the United States. But their most lasting legacy is, of course, the great body of work they left behind, including their dazzling views of the Utah landscape.

Hafen's writings best answer the whimsical question, "How ya gonna keep 'em down on the farm after they've seen Paree?"

"I confess that I could find twenty picturesque themes in New England's rolling hills and old homesteads to one in these mountains," he wrote, referring to his beloved Utah and its particular landscape. "But watch and wait, till the morning vapors of lovely June gently shroud the hills in blue, and the rising sun tips the highest snow capped peaks . . . and we have the most beautiful color symphony . . . that landscape can produce."⁵

While the other art missionaries may not have been as eloquent, their paintings tell of the same commitment to the Utah scene. After painting "the world" in the temple murals, the artists once again stepped out into the light of day to paint their world, what they and their ancestors called "Zion." This is why they came home, or "back to the farm." Utah was the place that could best inspire their artistic expressions, the place where they could give aesthetic form to their love of God and his creations and in doing so, bring the refining influences of art to their community and their church. ▼

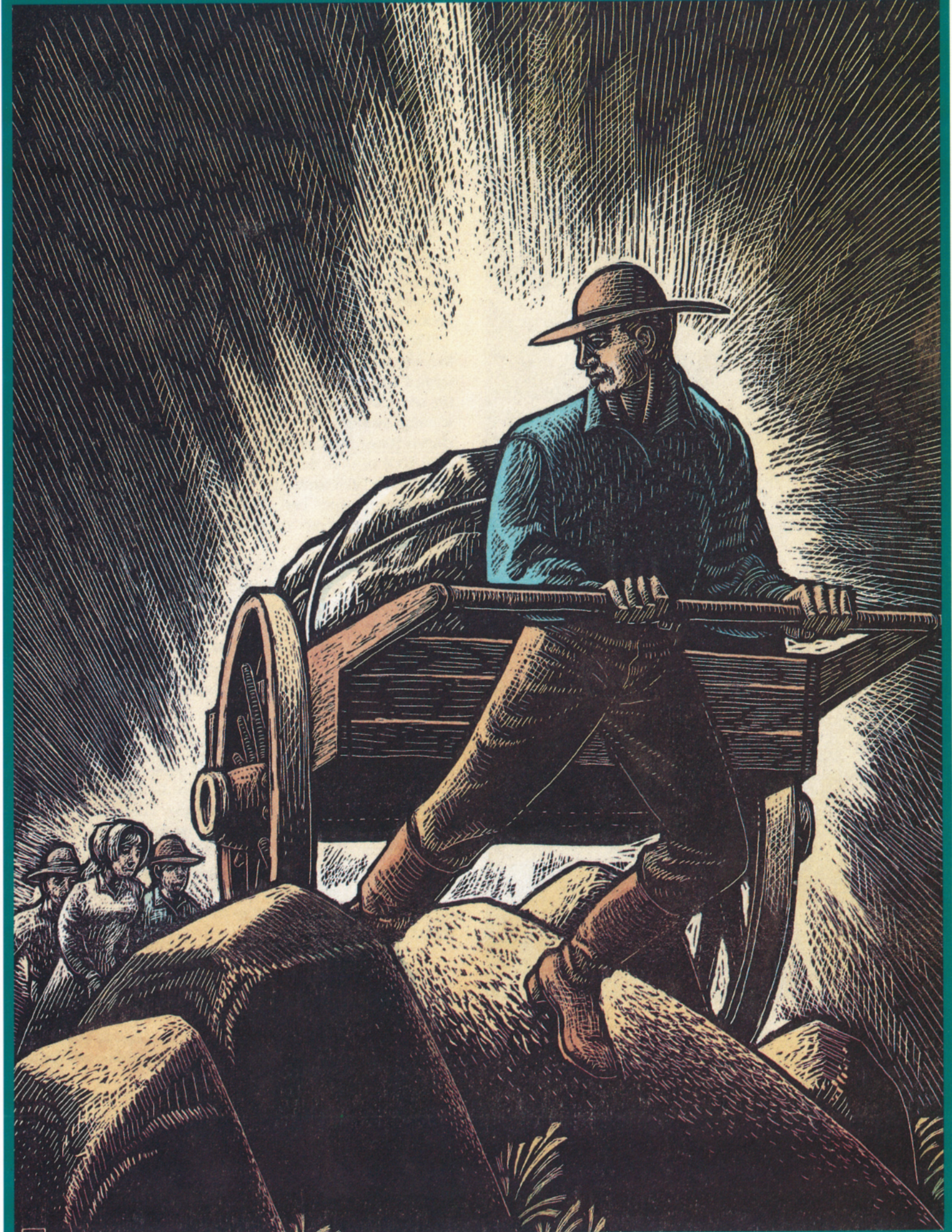
1 Letter from John Hafen to George Q. Cannon, 25 March 1890, Harold B. Lee Library, Brigham Young University, Special Collections.

2 Condensation by Florence Fairbanks Cope of a history by Florence Gifford Fairbanks, artist files, Museum of Church History and Art, Salt Lake City, Utah.

3 Letter from George Q. Cannon to Lorus Pratt, 12 September 1891. Collection of Mr. and Mrs. David Glover.

4 "Dedicated to the Lord," *Salt Lake Herald*, 7 April 1893, p. 6.

5 Letter from John Hafen to Thora Hafen, 6 September 1890.



Poignant Prose From Pioneer Journals



PUSHCART

psalmists

BY KAREN BOREN

THE DISHEARTENED AND DOWNCAST SAINTS THAT GATHERED IN WINTER QUARTERS IN 1846 LOOKED BACK ON A SEASON OF GRIEVOUS LOSS. THEIR BELOVED LEADER, JOSEPH SMITH, AND HIS BROTHER, HYRUM, HAD BEEN BRUTALLY MURDERED AT CARTHAGE, ILL. ZION HAD NOT BEEN REDEEMED. YET ANOTHER TEMPLE HAD BEEN BUILT AND LEFT BEHIND. AND NOW THE VERY PEOPLE WHO WERE CRUELLY DENIED THE MOST BASIC FREEDOMS AND RIGHTS AS AMERICAN CITIZENS WERE BEING ASKED TO RAISE A BATTALION TO DEFEND THE COUNTRY THAT STOOD IDLY BY DURING MOBBINGS AND PERSECUTIONS.

I felt willing to leave my friends and enlist according to council, although at this time my wife was without house or tent, and with but little provisions, 3 dollars in money, one cow and property belonging to Joseph Pierce to take care of . . .

Col. Thomas L. Kane, friend and defender of the Mormons, was present the night before the Mormon Battalion departed. Later he said:

There was no sentimental affectation at their leaving. The afternoon before was appropriated to a farewell ball; and a more merry dancing rout I have never seen, though the company went without refreshments, and their ballroom was of the most primitive. It was the custom, whenever the larger camps rested for a few days together, to make great arbors or boweries, as they called them, of poles, and brush, and wattling, as places of shelter for their meetings of devotion or conference. In one of these where the ground had been trodden firm and hard by the worshippers . . . was gathered now the mirth and beauty of the Mormon Israel.

Light hearts, lithe figures, and light feet, had it their own way from an early hour till after the sun had dipped below the sharp sky-line of the Omaha hills. Silence was then called, and a well cultivated mezzo-soprano voice, belonging to a young lady with fair face and dark eyes, gave with quartette accompaniment a little song, the notes of which I have been unsuccessful in repeated efforts to obtain since — a version of the text, touching to all early wanderers:

“By the rivers of Babylon we sat down and wept,
We wept when we remembered Zion . . .”

There was danger of some expression of feeling when the song was over, for it had begun to draw tears! But breaking the quiet with his hard voice, an Elder asked the blessing of heaven on all who, with purity of heart and brotherhood of spirit had mingled in that society, and then all dispersed, hastening to cover from the falling dews . . .¹

From the journal of Henry Standage comes a record of unquestioning faith and a willingness to serve: Today I attended a meeting at Council Bluffs, preaching by Elder F. (sic) P. Pratt, when much was said on the necessity of our obedience to the call of the President of the U.S. to enlist in the service of the U.S. for one year; and on finding the 5th Co. yet needing some men I felt willing to leave my friends and enlist according to council, although at this time

my wife was without house or tent, and with but little provisions, 3 dollars in money, one cow and property belonging to Joseph Pierce to take care of . . . This morning I arose early to prepare for to join my Co., which was 10 miles distant on the Missouri River. Went to Bro. Ira Eldridge and besought him to permit my mother to make it her home with him till I could be free to take care of her. When he agreed to be a son to my mother, and I accordingly left her with him promising to recompense him, as soon as I was able and opportunity would offer. About 9 o'clock I took my knapsack and left the camp of Israel leaving my wife and Mother in tears, and reached the Co. at noon.²

As the pioneers began their westward migration — among the Mormon Battalion, in covered wagons or in pushcart trains — they kept careful record of their journeys in diaries and journals. Pioneer midwife Patty Sessions carefully noted each birth in her journal as she “put to bed” the expectant mother and assisted in the delivery of some 14 infants born along the trail to the Salt Lake Valley. “Seek the Lord, and his strength: seek his face evermore,” the psalmist proclaims in Psalm 104:4. Patty’s latter-day psalm of June 27, 1847 records:

Sunday 27, cloudy I feel bad my face sweled bad can hardly set up its quite hard on me to drive the team all the way but the Lord will give me strength according to my day 11 o'clock I feel impressed upon to go and see Sister Snow I went and found her sick we had a little meeting she and I were both healed by the power of God I then went to a publick meeting it was good I then went to visit Sister Elbrige she was lame I laid hands on her she blessed me and I blessed her I then came home had a little meeting in our waggon it was good my granddaughter Martha Ann had the gift of tongues but through fear did not speak. After the sisters had gone she asked me to let her and Martha Van Cott have a little meeting and wished me to attend we went into our wagon she spoke in tongues and prayed I gave the interpretation and then told them to spend their time in that way and they would be blessed she is eleven years old.³

Her entry for July 21, 1847 reads:

We start 8 o'clock go 15 miles where we watered at noon they kiled 6 buffalo gave Br Taylors Co 3 of them divided the other 3 in our co we did not camp

As I gazed upon the scene, meditating upon the future it looked to me like the first hoisting of the floodgate of deliverance to the oppressed millions. We can now say to the poor and honest in heart, come to Zion, for the way is prepared.

untill dark the catle was very uneasy I went into the waggon looked out saw them go round and round like a whirlpool the men saying they would break and run away I knelt down and prayed for the Lord to quiet them I arose they were quite still we went to bed heard no more from them⁴

Archer Walters was an English carpenter who crafted handcarts and, later, coffins. On June 21, 1856 he wrote about the first part of his journey across the plains:

Traveled about 13 miles. Camped at Indian Creek. Bro. Bower died about 6 o'clock; from Birmingham Conference. Went to buy some wood to make the coffin but the kind farmer gave me the wood and nails. It had been a very hot day and I was never more tired, but God has said as my day my strength shall be . . .⁵

The eloquent Eliza Roxcy Snow would echo in her journal the words of Psalm 25:16-17: "Turn thee unto me, and have mercy upon me; for I am desolate and afflicted. The troubles of my heart are enlarged: O bring thou me out of my distress." As "Zion's Poetess" traveled from Nauvoo to Winter Quarters she wrote this entry for March 15, 1846:

So intolerably windy, the men fail in their efforts to keep the tent upright. I did not leave the wagon till night. Sis [Patty] Sessions made us a visit in the afternoon. Sis. M. making the wagon comfortable with coals. The subject of *brotherly oppression* was forcibly presented to my view, & I was led to inquire 'How long O Lord?' Is there no reward for patient submission? Will the insolent oppressor always go unpunished? How long shall some feast while others famish?⁶

But even in the midst of such difficulty, many of the pushcart psalmists were able to laugh at themselves and their circumstances. Mary Haskin Parker Richards spent two years at Winter Quarters waiting for her husband, Samuel, who was serving a mission in Great Britain. In February of 1847 she penned these words:

Wednesday 10th . . . The weather cold. Spent the day at Brother Smithes sewing on her dress. Eve I visited at Bro Orson [K.] Whitney's. Had a very pleasant visit with Ellen [Helen Mar Kimball Whitney]. She repeated or said over some verses to me that her mother Sister [Vilate] Kimball had composed the next morn after her little Son Solomon was born. The first verse was all I remember. It is as follows. The Lord has blessed us with another Son which is the seventh I have Born May he be the father of many lives. But not the Hus-

band of Many Wives.⁷

The first two handcart companies that entered Salt Lake were met by President Brigham Young and brass bands. Wilford Woodruff, counselor to President Young, wrote:

I must say my feelings were inexpressible to behold a company of men, women and children, many of them aged and infirm, enter the city of the Great Salt Lake, drawing handcarts . . . As I gazed upon the scene, meditating upon the future result, it looked to me like the first hoisting of the floodgate of deliverance to the oppressed millions. We can now say to the poor and honest in heart, come home to Zion, for the way is prepared.⁸

Patty Sessions' long journey finally drew to a close. On September 24, 1847, she wrote in her journal:

Go 14 miles PG [Patty's nickname for her son, Perri-grine Sessions] went back and got the ox we drove him into the cannion left him got into the valley it is a beautiful place my heart flows with gratitude to God that we have got home all safe lost nothing have been blessed with life and health I rejoice all the time

Sunday 26 go to meeting hear the epistle read from the twelve then went put Lorenzo Youngs wife Harriet to bed with a son the first male born in this valley it was said to me more than 5 months ago that my hands should be the first to handle the first born son in the place of rest for the saints even in the city of our God I have come more than one thousand miles to do it since it was spoken.⁹ ▼

1 From an address given before the Historical Society of Pennsylvania 26 March 1850.

2 Golder, Frank A., "The March of the Mormon Battalion," The Century Company, 1928, p. 138-139.

3 Holmes, Kenneth L., "Covered Wagon Women: Diaries and Letters From the Western Trails 1840-1890, Vol. 1," Arthur H. Clark Co., 1983, p. 166-167.

4 Ibid., p. 172-173.

5 Hafen, Leroy R. and Ann W., "Handcarts to Zion," Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1960, p. 60.

6 Godfrey, Kenneth W. and Audrey M., and Derr, Jill Mulvay, "Women's Voices: An Untold History of the Latter-day Saints 1830-1900," Salt Lake City: Deseret Book, 1982, p. 60.

7 Ibid., p. 181.

8 "Handcarts to Zion," p. 76-77.

9 "Covered Wagon Women," p. 184-185.



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A D A M S
S O M E W H E R E I N T I M E

He was mesmerized by her eyes, fascinated by the hint of a smile. He'd never met the woman — she'd been born almost a century before him — but he was haunted by her picture. 🍷 No, it's not the plot for a novel. At least, not initially. Successful author and screenwriter Richard Matheson wasn't looking for writing fodder when he first saw the portrait of Maude Adams hanging in the Virginia City Opera House. But once he'd seen it, he seemed driven to find out about this woman. He read books and magazines, hunting for glimpses into the great actress's life. And when he found out all he could, his imagination could fill in the gaps to create a novel, "Bid Time Return," and a film, "Somewhere in Time."

B Y K E L L E N E R I C K S A D A M S

And there were a lot of gaps to fill in. Born in Salt Lake City on 11 November 1872, Maude Kiskadden (she used her mother's maiden name as a performer) was one of the premiere American actresses at the turn of the century. Well-known for her portrayals of Sir James Barrie's heroines, Shakespeare's leading ladies and a lively interpretation of Peter Pan, Maude was the quintessential public performer, but an extremely private person. In fact, Ethel Barrymore, one of Maude's contemporaries, called her the original "I-want-to-be-alone-woman."¹

Blessed with blue-gray eyes, a pixie profile, a wealth of hair and steel fragility, the diminutive Maude came by her talent and ambition naturally. Her mother, born and raised in Salt Lake City, was one of the stock performers at the Salt Lake Theater, performing in several shows a week. Raised as a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Annie Adams left the church when she married James H. Kiskadden, a gentile. But she remained committed to a set of values and morals that she passed on to her only daughter. And when Maude learned the alphabet in one two-hour session and began reading Tennyson and Longfellow at age 8, Annie sent her beloved daughter to her own mother in Salt Lake City to gain an education not available to the offspring of a performer crisscrossing the country.

Although as a child Maude had often performed in her mother's shows (her first appearance was as an infant on a tray as a last-minute substitute for the real baby-performer, who was squalling), her performances in the Salt Lake Valley were mostly limited to the great theatrical melodramas she staged in her grandmother's attic

along with a cast of cousins. But even then, Maude's propensity for reality, attention to detail and sharp intellect were evident as she assumed the role of leading lady, stage manager and director.

Maude attended the Collegiate Institute, a Presbyterian school, and was a quick study. Geography, reading and history were her favorite subjects, but she even passed math, her least favorite subject, with flying colors. She picked up the banjo at 10 and within eight months learned all that her instructor could

teach her. She moved on to piano and eventually mastered the cello and guitar. At one point, ill health forced her to take a reprieve from the stage and she spent a year living in a convent in France, where she learned impeccable French. She also studied Greek and Latin, loved to paint and dabbled in writing poetry.

Maude's father died in 1882. Eventually, lonely and heartsick, Maude's mother summoned her to join her on the road, and Maude's professional career was launched as she left the Salt Lake Valley far behind. However, her memories of those tender years were treasured, and years later she wrote: "Apart from the



Maude was the quintessential public performer, but an extremely private person.

life in the theater there are two cities that hold very tender memories. One, in a lovely valley protected by friendly mountains is always 'home.' The people of the valley have gentle manners, as if their spirits moved with dignity. Their forebears suffered great hardness in the search for their haven, but those who survived found peace and plenty in the beautiful valley of Salt Lake. And their children have inherited the gentleness that comes from having endured hardness. The memory of them, the thought of them and their

lovely valley is an anchor in a changing, roving life."²

Little is known of Maude's personal life after this point. Annie blamed her daughter's reclusivity on her health, always poor because of the enormous amount of energy Maude poured into her performing, and on her choice of career.

"[Maude] dislikes being placed before the public except in a professional or business way," one writer observed, "and I'll venture to say that she is not known personally to any of the people about New York. She wants the public to know her as an actress, not as a person. She believes that the public is interested in her only as an actress, and that there is a certain illusion that must be maintained. There is no stage play about this. To the theater-going public that sees her act, she naturally must be a creature of illusionment; that is necessary to the highest perfection in art. We all know that intimacy brings disillusionment."³

If that is the case, there was certainly little, if any, disillusionment for Maude's fans. As one of the biggest theater box office draws for many years, the private Maude remained elusive. Never married, seldom even linked romantically in casual society gossip, Maude was a haunting beauty whose first and only love seemed to be her work.

And she did love her work. A great mimic even as a youth, she observed others closely, storing away unique characteristics for use in future roles. She lived her roles, often adopting a character's mannerisms for weeks while rehearsing and performing. She paid great attention to detail, creating her own costumes and spending hours on lighting and sets. In fact, her fascination with lighting later paved the way for a job with General Electric, where she helped develop high-powered incandes-

cent lamps. Ironically, that work proved instrumental in the process of creating colored motion pictures.

Maude's insistence on reality is also well-documented. While performing a scene at age 6 she demanded a pitcher of beer containing the real thing instead of a tepid tea mixture. Later, as her power over her projects increased, she continued to pore over the most minute details. Her four-and-one-half hour, one-night-only portrayal of Joan of Arc demonstrated this hallmark passion. Months in the making, the production boasted a cast of 1,500, plus 200 horses. Costumes, spotlights, stage effects and casting passed painstaking scrutiny. And 15,000 people applauded the open-air production, the supreme effort of Maude's stage career.

In 1918, Maude retired from the stage. Exhausted and ill, she needed rest. But while she no longer performed, she continued to participate in life, albeit very privately. Her lectures, radio broadcasts and years as a drama teacher at Stephens College kept her busy. But when she died in 1953 on a farm she owned in Tannersville, New York, there were still many unanswered questions about Maude's private life

— questions that may never be answered.

Except, perhaps, fictitiously. ▼

1 "Somewhere in Time" production notes, Universal News press release, September 2, 1980.

2 "The Mormon Drama and Maude Adams," J. Keith Melville, Extension Publications, Division of Continuing Education, Brigham Young University: December 1965; p. 7.

3 "The Sweetest Story Ever Told," Green Book magazine, September 1914, p. 396.



Photo courtesy The Desert News

Maude was a haunting beauty whose first and only love seemed to be her work.



A DECENT



In March 1861 a member of the Salt Lake Theater orchestra declared: "I believe I can fearlessly assert that no class of public servants are so justly entitled to favor as Musicians; they are expected always to be in tune, on all public occasions in the true Mormon style, without purse, or even city scrip."¹

If this comment was self-serving, it also rang true. No pioneers were more zealous to a cause than Utah's choir directors, bandmasters, singers and instrumentalists. They knew that melody could soothe the cares of frontier life, and harmony provide a beautiful metaphor for the kind of community they hoped to create.

To appreciate the zeal of Utah's pioneer choir directors, consider David Calder. Bolstered by Brigham Young's public endorsements of his choral methods, Calder amassed a huge choir of Salt Lake children in the early 1860s. So seriously did Calder take his post that he actually conducted one concert during an outbreak of tuberculosis that claimed the lives of many of the children. Although he, too, had fallen sick, Calder arose from his bed to lead what remained of his choir. He wrote of that night: "Our concert passed off exceedingly well notwithstanding I had no practice or rehearsal before the concert, and had to hold on to my music stand while conducting."²

For most pioneer choirs, however, performances were probably less important than rehearsals, which were popular social gatherings, attracting singers of all ages. Most of them could not read music. Those who could had to hold a book in each hand: a small pocket-sized book of texts (usually hymns or "social songs") and an oblong tunebook that contained the musical settings to which the texts could be sung. Those who weren't musically literate simply read the words and strained to learn their part by ear. During winter nights' rehearsals they had to hold candles in their free hands.

If choirs were a religious mandate, bands were a civic necessity. Utah's martial bands, formed from the regiments

NOTES ON PIONEER MUSIC
BY MICHAEL HICKS

KINGDOM

of local militia, were fife and drum groups who played traditional patriotic music by ear. Brass and wind bands, whose members usually could read music, played both the old tunes and the latest popular numbers. Unlike fifers, good brass players became real celebrities, playing in church with the local choir, in the local theater production or for dances. During Utah parades, the martial band marched while the brass band often rode in a broad flatbed carriage, befitting the players' higher status (and heavier instruments).

Being a humble drummer, however, had its advantages. It was the custom for listeners to toss coins onto the heads of the drums while they were being played. Of this custom, pioneer drummer William Carter Robbins wrote: "It would hinder my playing, but it was the beginning of my happy days."³

Unfortunately, band members sometimes had to contend with rumors about their moral character. Musicians, many people thought, were shiftless, naughty and apt to take a nip. As early as 1850, William Clayton called together the members of the old Nauvoo Brass Band — now transplanted to Salt Lake City — to pledge to "abstain from follies of all descriptions." The players insisted that reports of drunkenness among them were lies, although one player did admit that he was "somewhat addicted to levity." Others made it clear that their sins were strictly musical: "I have not so much native ability as some," one said, while another confessed that "I am a little timid about putting myself forward in playing." A third player explained, "I am not much of a player & the reason is because I have always been too religious."⁴

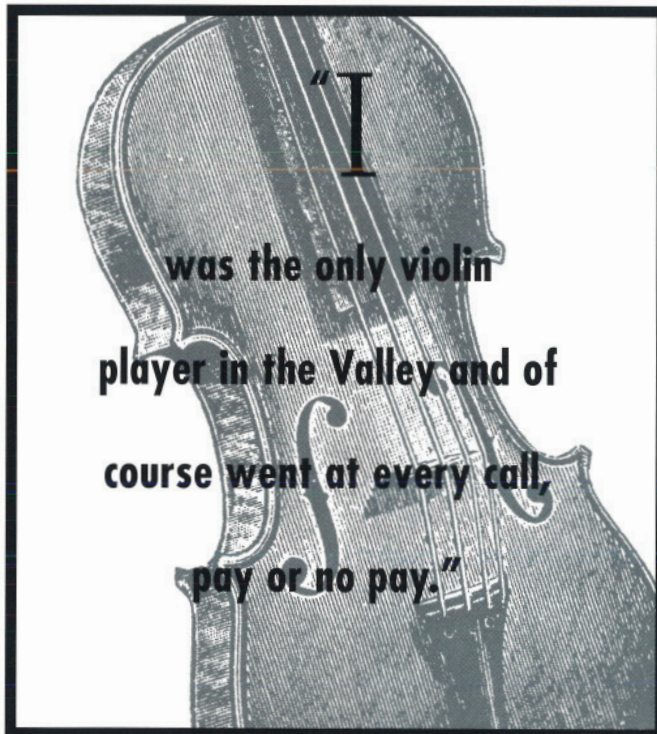
Religion and instrumental music did conflict in the moral upbringing of most of the Utah pioneers, especially when it came to dance music. Most emigrants, including Brigham Young himself, had been taught from their youth that dancing and its accompanying music were evil. Some early Mormon converts had been disfellowshipped for going to dances. Others had burned their fiddles as an act of repentance upon joining the fold. But by the early Utah period Mormon leaders had redefined dancing and dance music as blessings from above.⁵

And so dances became the chief recreation in Deseret. As pioneer Martha Cox put it, "Almost any kind of dance was better than none."⁶ Most dances were long, noisy affairs, lit by a few candles, and perhaps a kerosene lamp or a small fire. During winter they were probably the best way to keep warm at night. On particularly cold Saturday nights, the

humble soirees lingered into the Sabbath, even going until daybreak. Brigham Young tried to stop this by having dances start in the afternoon and end at evening — a failed policy, since most working men could not come and, consequently, few women did.

Almost any kind of musicians might accompany a dance. But fiddlers reigned. Brigham Young even singled them out for praise. "Every decent fiddler," he said, "will go into a

decent kingdom."⁷ Some players, like James Smith Abbott, used their instrument as the ticket into adult society. Owning the only fiddle in town, Abbott recalled that as a teenager, "they came for it for another man to play. I said my fiddle could not go where I could not . . . I was invited to the dances after that."⁸ When fiddlers were unavailable, other musicians filled the bill — accordionists, bagpipers, singers, whistlers or even comb players. For their services, some musicians demanded cash, or at least a gallon of molasses. But many, like Samuel Gifford, considered it a noble calling to provide music when it was needed: "I was the only violin



player in the Valley and of course went at every call, pay or no pay."⁹

Gifford typified "the true Mormon style" of Utah's pioneer musicians, most of whom were eager to play, sing or conduct at a moment's notice, without purse or scrip. For them, making music was its own reward. They did not need to hope for "a decent kingdom."

They had already found it. ▼

1 Speech [author unknown] given 1 March 1861, holograph in Deseret Dramatic Association Papers, Library-Archives of the Historical Department of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints (hereafter cited as HDC).

2 Letter to John M. MacFarlane, 15 October 1863, David O. Calder Letterpress Copybook, HDC.

3 Quoted in Charles Isaac Robbins, "Some of the History of the Provo Marshall [sic] Band First Organized in 1849," holograph in HDC.

4 All of the quotations in this paragraph are from the minutes of this meeting (9 April 1850) in the Nauvoo Brass Band Papers, holograph in HDC.

5 This subject is treated extensively in my "Mormonism and Music: A History" (Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1989).

6 Biographical Record of Martha Cox, typescript in Special Collections, Harold B. Lee Library, Brigham Young University (hereafter HBLL), 34.

7 Sermon of 9 September 1860, in *Journal of Discourses*, (Liverpool: Latter-day Saints' Book Depot, 1854-1886), 8:178.

8 Life Sketch of James Smith Abbott, typescript in HBLL, 6.

9 Samuel Gifford, Diary, HDC.



H.L.A. Culmer: Utah's Renaissance Man

One of the most remarkable men in pioneer Utah was H.L.A. Culmer. Despite his lack of educational opportunity and the poverty of his parents, he made significant contributions to the growth and development of the state in a variety of areas. He was a Renaissance man of the first order, with skills as varied and extensive as were his interests.

Henry Lavender Adolphus Culmer was born in 1854 in a small village in Kent, England, not far from Dover. When he was a child, his mother persuaded his father to quit his life as a sailor and move to London, where his father worked in a tannery. Because the family was very poor and could not afford to send their children to school, Harry had only four partial years of schooling. At the age of nine he hired out as an errand boy for a London print shop.

The family lived in an area that was frequented by Charles Dickens as he gathered material for novels like "Oliver Twist" and "David Copperfield." Indeed, Dickens often interviewed Harry's older brother, Billy, to keep in touch with conditions there. Some of the writer's vivid and touching portrayals of a boy's life in the slums of London came from Dickens' association with the Culmer boys.

In 1867 when Harry was 13, the Culmers, now Mormon converts, headed for Utah to join their fellow religionists. His father, Fred, hired himself and the boys out to the ship to pay their passage. In Salt Lake City,

Harry worked a variety of jobs — digging wells, making doors and bookkeeping — and started taking classes to improve himself. He took evening classes at the University of Deseret (now the University of Utah) from Dr. John R. Park.

Harry wanted to be a writer, and in 1870, at the age of 16, won a prize for the best poem of the year. He became a member of the Salt Lake Debating Society and the Wasatch Literary Association. For the rest of his life he continued to write.

In 1876 he established a printing and publishing business. He printed several newspapers, the *Salt Lake Journal of Commerce* (the first commercial magazine in Salt Lake City), the city's first complete directory and first tourist guide book (which, incidentally, is a rich source of colorful information. For example, Culmer suggests that baseball and billiards were the most popular pastimes in the valley at that time, and says there was only one bowling alley, but it was popular because the proprietor dispensed free liquid refreshment.)

As a writer and editor, Harry contributed regularly to the *Overland Monthly*, a literary magazine published in San Francisco that also featured the work of Bret Harte, Ina Coolbrith, Joaquin Miller, Ambrose Bierce, Mark Twain and Jack London. In fact, he became close friends with Jack and Charmain London, and he and his wife, the former Susan Annette Wells (daughter of General Daniel H.

Wells and sister of Utah's first governor, Heber M. Wells), entertained them in their Salt Lake City home just as he was entertained by them in California.

And that is just one of his careers. He was similarly successful as a retailer, a contractor (his Wasatch Asphaltum Company was the first to pave Salt Lake City streets), a miner (his quarries supplied sandstone for the City and County Building and many of the mansions along South Temple Street), a researcher (he was known as a leading expert on Utah hydrocarbons), an actor and director (he was stage director of the Home Dramatic Club, which put on performances in the Old Salt Lake Theater), a landscape artist (he won first place at many exhibitions and his paintings of southeastern Utah popularized Utah's magnificent scenery when they were featured in *National Geographic*) and promoter of Utah (in 1887 he helped found the Salt Lake Commercial Club, which became the Salt Lake Chamber of Commerce).

And in all of this he had a marvelous good time. He had an infectious sense of humor, entered into every project with zest and assured that those associated with him enjoyed life. He had an unusual ability to get along with people regardless of status, background or religious preference. Those who knew him said Culmer belonged to a wider circle than any other Utahn.

Culmer's ability to bring peo-

ple together resulted in some fascinating experiences. Once he attended a convention in Oregon, where he met Swamee Abacanada, an East Indian Hindu who was studying American religions. Culmer invited him to Salt Lake to meet representatives of different churches and discuss their beliefs. A meeting was held at the Culmer home with Elder Orson F. Whitney of the LDS Church, the Reverend Mr. Goshen of the Congregational Church, Bishop Spaulding of the Episcopal Church, Bishop Scanlan of the Catholic Church and the Reverend P.A. Simpkin of the Methodist Church. Reports indicate an interesting discussion and jolly evening — unusual among the city's religious factions at the time.

Upon Harry's death in 1914, the Salt Lake Rotary Club (of which he was first president) passed a resolution which concluded: "Gifted and versatile, Harry Culmer combined a remarkable talent for painting, with a passion for poetry, an appreciation of music, a genius for oratory, and a rare poise which made him a man of affairs, an organizer, a worker, a factor in the cause of education and in the business circles of the state. To him the purling brooks, the canyon cascades and the crashing glaciers sang the songs of the universe; before his eyes the desert spread its mystic scenes, the mountains laid their beauties bare and all the wondrous and fantastic pageants of nature passed in wild review." ▼



Another Unwritten Story

So I'm sitting here at year's end, looking at a blank computer monitor and wishing it would suddenly fill with well-chosen words, when this old guy walks in. And not "old" like your grandfather or those Rudy Valee records in the attic. This guy looks old. Like a tree. Or the sphinx. Or that ham we had for Christmas

been dealing with computers and word processors my whole life. I'm a child of the '90s."

Yeah, right, I thought. The 1890s — give or take a century or two.

"If you're so savvy," I asked him, "why were you trying to stop me from writing — unless, of course, you've read my stuff, in

I had to admit that there was something about him that seemed familiar, from the deep creases on his forehead to the mud caked on his slippers. I just couldn't place him.

"Here, let me help you," he said. "See these lines on my forehead? They're worry wrinkles. I got this one from worrying about starving peo-

me of the good old day — January 1, 1993," he said. "My whole life was ahead of me. I was an unwritten story, a blank page, an empty computer screen — pick your favorite metaphor. I was unknown and exciting and filled with potential.

"But now my story is written. It's over. Done. Finis. And I'm outta here. So whenever I see a blank screen I get a little crazy because I don't think people realize what a wonderful gift they receive every January 1. It's another blank screen. Another empty page. Another unwritten story. Each January is a chance to begin again — only you get to try to do it better."

"But sooner or later we've got to start writing on that screen," I reminded him. "And eventually, we're all going to make some mistakes."

"I know," he said. "And that's OK as long as you learn from each mistake and take advantage of New Year's opportunity for growth through change and improvement. Otherwise, you'll just keep writing the same old story year after year. And if you ask me, that's a waste of good, clean paper."

He started to leave, but first he reached out and deleted the letter on my monitor.

"Or," he added before hurrying away, "good, blank computer screens." ▼



“I was an unwritten story, a blank page, an empty computer screen. . .”

dinner. Serious old.

"Don't do that!" the Old Guy exclaimed.

"Don't do what?" I asked, startled.

"That!" he said, pointing to the lone letter I had typed on the computer monitor.

I assumed my elderly guest was computer illiterate and thought I was working some kind of magic on the screen (fat chance, huh?). So I tried to explain it in basic terms: "It all started back in the 1400s with a man named Gutenberg — perhaps you knew him?"

"There's no need for condescension, young man," the Old Guy said testily. "I've

which case I understand . . ."

"I couldn't care less what you write," he said. "It's that screen I'm worried about."

I looked carefully at my monitor. "Is it going to explode or something?" I asked.

"Heavens no," he said. "It's just that it's so beautiful I didn't want you to ruin it."

"But it's blank."

"Yes, it is — and isn't that the most wonderful thing you've ever seen?"

This was getting pretty strange — even for me. So I asked him: "Who are you?"

"You don't recognize me, do you? Come on — take a good, close look."

ple in Africa, this one from worrying about gang victims and this one from worrying about Michael Jordan's gambling problem."

It all started to make sense, including the Barney t-shirt and those cute little "Aladdin" slippers he was wearing. I even recognized the thick mud on his slippers. After all, it hasn't been that long since the NAFTA debates, has it?

"You're 1993, aren't you?"

"In the flesh," he said. "For now, anyway."

That explained his appearance. But it didn't explain his obsession with my monitor.

"Empty screens remind



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Temple Fork Chapter: Celebrating a Sawmill

More than 250 people basked in Indian Summer warmth Sept. 6, 1993, as members of the Temple Fork chapter dedicated a plaque at the mouth of Cache Valley's Temple Fork Canyon in honor of the old sawmill there that provided needed lumber to construct the Logan Temple.

Elder L. Tom Perry of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints dedicated the monument, which was installed on a large limestone boulder at the junction of Temple Fork road and U.S. Highway 89 in Logan Canyon. During the services an historical vignette on the sawmill and its operation was presented by emeritus professor S. George Ellsworth of Utah State University.

Also participating in the program were Desmond Anderson, landmarks and trails chairman for the Temple Fork Chapter, and Keith H. Anderson, chapter president.

The sawmill, four miles further up Temple Fork Canyon from where the monument stands, began operation in 1876 and ran until 1884. During its lifetime it produced more than 2.5 million board feet of lumber (mostly from Douglas fir trees), 21,000 railroad ties, 90,000 laths, 2 million shingles, 50,000 pickets, broom handles and charcoal.

The monument was

installed in cooperation with the U.S. Forest Service and the Utah Department of Transportation. *Contributed by Jessop B. Low* ▼

Centerville Chapter: Breaking New Ground

Members of the Centerville SUP Chapter broke ground Oct. 18, 1993, for a bronze, life-sized sculpture of a pioneer family that will be prominently displayed in Centerville's Founders Park.

Chapter officials say they have raised half of the \$65,000 needed to build the monument through contributions from individuals, businesses and service organizations. The base of the monument will feature native stone, with plaques on all four sides. Two of the plaques will give a brief history of Centerville, while the others will honor early Centerville pioneers, prominent residents and others who have contributed to the community and to the monument. *Contributed by J. Alden Richins* ▼

Temple Quarry Chapter: Music and the Spoken Word

Marianne Fisher, blind since birth because of a doctor's mistake, described her experiences as a member of the Mormon Tabernacle Choir during the Temple Quarry Chapter's November meeting. She also sang several musical selections, displaying her lovely soprano voice.

"I needed assistance to be

born," she said, explaining why the doctor was using forceps. One of the tools accidentally touched her eyes and she became instantly blind.

"I learned to read and write Braille in the various blind schools I attended," she said. She attended a regular high school and went on to study at both Brigham Young University and the University of Utah. She earned two master's degrees, including one in music. She also trained to become a resource teacher and taught reading and math at the grade school level.

To sing in the choir Marianne has to copy all of the notes and words to the music in Braille — a major task, she said. The highlight of her 17-year choir career came last year when she traveled with the choir to Israel where, she said, "I was thrilled by everything." *Contributed by Golden A. Buchmiller* ▼

Olympus Hills Chapter: Barbequed Friendship

The Olympus Hills Chapter's traditional summer trek to Cliff and Carol Spendlove's cabin on the Weber River was held Aug. 29, 1993. It featured a delicious barbecue dinner, community singing (thanks to Paul Wainwright's portable piano) and that gorgeous Utah mountain scenery.

It also gave chapter members a chance to see slides and some of the mementos the Spendlove's brought back with

them from a recent trip to Africa.

"Our friendships within the chapter are strengthened by activities of this type," Leon Jensen said. "We enjoy these special activities and the bond of friendship they provide." *Contributed by Leon Jensen* ▼

Taylorville/Bennion Chapter: Trekking Through Central Utah

Forty-three members of the Taylorville-Bennion SUP Chapter boarded a bus Aug. 28, 1993, to explore the history of central Utah's pioneers.

Under the direction of Warren Tye and chapter president Leon Christiansen, the group made its first stop at the John Hutching Museum of Natural History of the American West to see the art, minerals, fossils and other artifacts that are on display there. They then took the beautiful Nebo scenic loop to the Payson Lakes, through Salt Creek to Nephi, where a long-time resident shared some stories and anecdotes from the early days of pioneering in central Utah.

"It was a full, wonderful day," one trekker observed. "We learned some interesting things, saw some beautiful sights and thoroughly enjoyed being together." ▼

'SUP?

Congratulations to:

— *McKay Anderson*, a member of the Olympus Hills Chapter, who is one of eleven recipients of the Governor's Medal for Sci-

ence and Technology. This prestigious award is presented to individuals who have made significant contributions to the state of Utah through science and technology. Employed as chief engineer at Hercules Inc. Bacchus Works, McKay is nationally recognized for his technical leadership in the areas of propellant safety, accident investigation and structural analysis.

— *Earl Bascom*, who was recently honored as the Grand Marshall of the Apple Valley, Calif., Frontier Day Rodeo. A lifetime SUP member, Earl used the occasion as an opportunity to draw attention to the accomplishments of the Mormon Battalion. As part of the Frontier Day Parade, he drove a horse-drawn wagon full of Boy Scouts who had recently hiked on the Mormon Battalion Trail.

Please join us in welcoming the following new members:

Samuel M. Allen
 John Q. Anderson
 Doran J. Baker
 Shirley Elmer Bishop
 Harrison S. Brothers *
 Austin Reed Burke
 Don J. Chadwick
 Dale D. Clark
 Richard Willey Collins
 George Harvey Dabbling
 Lavar Orange Earl
 George K. Faris
 Keith M. Hebertson
 Eldon Heslop*
 Keith Jackson
 Larry D. James
 Robert T. Johns
 Robert D. Losee
 Victor Neil Losser
 Bud E. Lowe
 Burton H. Orice*
 Burton H. Price
 Hyrum W. Smith*
 Donald H. Stewart
 Burton E. Tew Jr.
 Jerald Ross Thompson
 Phyl Tyler*
 Russell Walton
 Farrell Rosequist Winter*
 Spencer Wyatt

*Denotes life membership

Included in that number are six new lifetime memberships.

Welcome, one and all!

The following names have been added to tiles at the SUP National Office:

Tanner Youngberg
 Vernon & Mae Jones
 Thomas Bullock
 Alan & Rosamæ Jacobsen
 Mark Woodruff
 Lon Woodruff
 Brent Woodruff
 Duane Woodruff
 Cheryl Woodruff
 Janette Woodruff
 Richard Woodruff
 Royal & Lois Oakes
 Lorenzo & Sarah Albiston
 John & Elizabeth Albiston
 Joseph & Christina Albiston
 Dale & Elizabeth Vranes
 Eric & June Tolman
 Kelly & Pam Willey
 Don & Tammee Youngberg

Chapter Eternal

Allen Spencer Crow, 95, of Salt Lake City died Oct. 21, 1993. He was born in Salt Lake City to Charles Spencer Crow and C. Juliana Markham. He married Alpha Coolbear in 1924. He was active in the LDS Church and was a member of the SUP for 35 years. He was a federal employee, working with the Bureau of Land Management for 42 years. He is survived by two daughters and two sons, 18 grandchildren and 40 great-grandchildren.

William Otto Eckardt, 81, of Ogden died Oct. 20, 1993 while participating in a 5K walk at the Senior Olympic Games in St. George, Utah. He was born in Ogden to William Rudolph and Mary Belle Batchelor Eckardt. He married Edna May Thatcher in 1936. He was an active member of the LDS Church and the Ogden Pioneer SUP Chapter. He was involved in the railroad industry for more than 48 years. He is survived by a son, a daughter, seven grandchildren and three great-grandchildren.

West Hammond, 98, of Salt Lake City died Nov. 8, 1993. He was born in Bluff, Utah, to Retcher Bartlett and Oliva Cholista Bronson Hammond. He married Lottie Cornwall in 1920; after her death in 1959 he married Golda Larson. He was active in the LDS Church and the SUP. He was involved in a number of businesses during his life, from agricultural to mercantile. He is survived by his four sons, 27 grandchildren, 92 great-grandchildren and seven great-great-grandchildren.

Howard William Ogden, 76, of Ogden died Nov. 8, 1993. He was born in Ogden, a son of Nephi O. and Annie Mary Flowers Ogden. He married Nina Nelson in 1943; they were later divorced. He married Jeanne Larson; they were later divorced. He was an active mem-

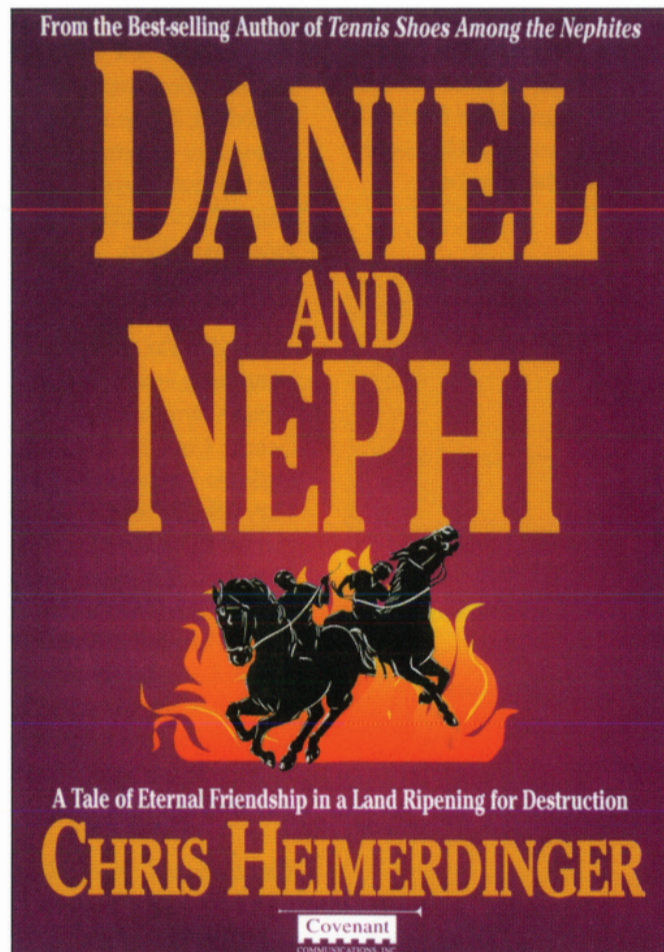
ber of the LDS Church and a member of the Ogden Pioneer SUP Chapter. Professionally he was involved in the life insurance business. He is survived by one son, one brother and one sister.

Owen John Olsen, 84, of North Ogden died Jan. 18, 1993. He was born in Millville, Utah, to John and Hettie Jones Olsen. He married Ada Bowers in 1930. He was active in the LDS Church, the SUP and a number of professional organizations. He was a civil engineer who did considerable work for the U.S. government. He is survived by his wife, two children, seven grandchildren and 13 great-grandchildren.

William Phillip "Phil" Robbins, 83, of Salt Lake City died Sept. 22, 1993. He was born in Salt Lake City to LeGrande M. and Florence Phillips Robbins. He married Bernice Larsen in 1933. He was active in the LDS Church, and is a former SUP national president. He was instrumental in the construction of the SUP National Headquarters and donated much of the electrical contracting in the building. He was a member of both the East Mill Creek and Holladay chapters. He was a master electrician and electrical engineer. He is survived by his wife, five children, 20 grandchildren and 37 great-grandchildren.

Caleb A. Shreeve Sr. of Ogden died Oct. 11, 1993 — his 92nd birthday. He was born in Ogden to Thomas A. and Mary Bluth Shreeve. He married Leone B. Wright in 1926. He was active in the LDS Church and a member of the Ogden Pioneer SUP Chapter. He was a career military officer, retiring as a colonel after 37 years of honorable service. He is survived by three children, 13 grandchildren and 19 great-grandchildren.

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The Prince of Utah Culture

“He has no pulse at all,” said the physician. “I’m afraid he’s gone.”

The doctor felt the pulse of a wizened, thin-nish man with a shock of ruffled white hair as he lay motionless on a leather office couch.

The year was 1942. The month was December, a year after America had entered World War II with the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor.

The 82-year-old, motionless man on the couch in downtown Salt Lake City was George D. Pyper. He was general superintendent of all the Sunday Schools of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

The physician gave him a stimulant. Prayers were said. The old man’s heart responded.

He blinked into consciousness before our eyes. I stood at the side of President David O. McKay of the First Presidency and A. Hamer Reiser, manager of Deseret Book Company. I had succeeded the latter as general secretary of the Sunday School a few months before.

Choking for life, George D. Pyper, victim of a severe heart attack, smiled: “Well, Saint Peter, it was a false alarm that time.”

As ambulance attendants lifted Superintendent Pyper onto the stretcher, his histrionic ways burst out again. Still gasping for breath, he chided them: “Put my arms over my chest. That’s the way they pose them.”

He should know. He had sung at some 1,000 funerals.

George D. Pyper died a month after that heart attack.

To the end of his life he was a dramatist. He truly was “the prince of Utah culture.”

Though he lived well beyond four score years, he was ever youthful. He reveled over an ice cream cone in the hospital’s oxygen tent a few days before his death.

Perhaps no one contributed more to Utah culture than did George D. Pyper.

He was a notable singer and actor. For 30 years he managed the historic Salt Lake Theater. He wrote books on drama and music. He was editor of a church magazine for 33 years. He managed nationwide tours of the Salt Lake Mormon Tabernacle Choir.

He produced the most notable church pageant up to the time of his passing: “Message of the

Ages.” With a cast of 1,200, it appeared before 200,000 persons during a series of presentations in the Salt Lake Tabernacle.

He was technical adviser for the filming of

great pianist. The Polish artist wanted no outside air to enter the Tabernacle during his performance.

The audience became “half suffocated.” Manager Pyper ordered some win-

Perhaps no one contributed more to Utah culture than did George D. Pyper.

“Brigham Young,” the well-known motion picture dealing exclusively with the Mormons.

He starred in no less than 25 operas. He sang in the Tabernacle Choir. He wrote lyrics for music.

As manager of the Salt Lake Theater, he won friendships with many international celebrities. Among them were Otis Skinner, Maude Adams, John Philip Sousa and Ignace Paderewski.

Manager Pyper received a spine-tingling jolt one time when Sousa exploded a cannon on the tabernacle grounds for sound effects for one of his band concerts inside.

George D. once had a window-raising contest with Paderewski, the

dows opened.

Soon they were being closed again.

Hurrying outside, Brother Pyper caught Paderewski’s valet pushing the windows closed.

Brother Pyper always was the caring sweetheart of his wife of many years, Emmaretta, and their children.

I loved serving at the side of George D. Pyper in the twilight of his illustrious life. He was kind in so many little ways to the janitor, postman, neighbors, staff members, Sunday School tots and others.

With his bushy head of snow-white hair, he remained a youth.

Indeed he was the prince of Utah culture. ▼

Arnold Friberg: Finding The Way

By Richard P. Christenson

Artist Arnold Friberg doesn't consider himself a pioneer — if pioneering means doing something earthshaking like developing a new painting style that revolutionizes the art world. But if it means blazing a trail, forging ahead and venturing into uncharted waters, then Friberg is very much a pioneer.

"Part of pioneering is finding the way," Friberg said during a recent interview. "Artist Eugene Delacroix wrote, 'What inspires our works is not new ideas, but the obsession with the idea that what has been done before is not enough.'"

As a boy, Friberg forged ahead, going the extra mile on every project. When mowing lawns to make extra money, he didn't just mow. He trimmed the edges, clipped around the trees and pulled weeds. "I've always given people twice what they paid for," he said.

While still a young man, Friberg ventured into uncharted waters when he decided to study illustration in Chicago. There he became fascinated with the advertising of the Northwest Paper Company. The owners wanted to find an image that would convey the quality and dependability of their product, finally settling upon the Royal Canadian



Arnold Friberg, (center) with his wife, Charleton Heston and President David O. McKay.

Mounted Police.

The company first hired artist Hal Foster, known for his "Tarzan" comic strip, to paint the Mountie illustrations for their ads. But Foster dropped the account when he started his "Prince Valiant" comic strip. In their search for a replacement, Friberg was invited to submit an illustration. He rented a Mountie uniform from a costume shop and began his painting. The company was pleased with the finished product, and a long association with Friberg followed.

Since authenticity and detail are hallmarks of Friberg's work, he traveled to Canada to sketch and photograph Mounties with their uniforms, horses and

equipment. Soon Mounties were saying to him, "You must have belonged to the force; your paintings are so accurate."

But it was more than just accuracy that set Friberg's Mountie series apart. The Mounties themselves admired the way he captured carriage, stance, gesture and mood. "That's the way we feel when we're on a horse," they said.

As a result of his work, Friberg eventually became an honorary member of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police — the only American ever to be so honored.

"Pioneering stuff is usually the best," Friberg observed. "It's new, fresh and exciting. You're moving

in areas that have never been touched."

As his career progressed he continued to blaze new trails, including some significant pathways into the world of religious art. "You can read scriptures, hear scriptures, but art makes it possible to see them," he said.

Until Friberg began his series of 12 Book of Mormon paintings, no artist had attempted to tackle the project because they felt it was impossible to paint scenes from that book. "With the Bible, you have predecessors," he said. "But with the Book of Mormon, it's totally new."

Although he researched the cultures and costumes of



"The Prayer at Valley Forge"

the Near East, he had to rely on his imagination — and inspiration — to make the paintings believable. And he admits it was a challenge to paint scenes that looked Mormon, felt Mormon and came alive. "Art has a power to establish things — to become like scripture," he said.

Another great challenge during his long, productive art career was his involvement with the making of Cecil B. DeMille's classic 1956 movie, "The Ten Commandments." Among other things, he was called upon to visualize scenes, create 15 large paintings, do portraiture, invent styles of lettering and design costumes.

"There was a great load on me," he recalls. "I experienced the greatest loneliness I could imagine. There was no one to turn to as I transferred ideas into picture form. Then they could film it." He paused, then he added: "Now *that* was pioneering."

His work on the movie did not go unnoticed. He received an Academy Award

nomination. DeMille paid great tribute to Friberg when he said, "Among the living artists who have dedicated themselves largely to religious art, one stands out for his virility and warmth, dramatic understanding and truth. That man is Arnold Friberg."

The admiration was mutual. "DeMille was not only a great film-maker, he was a great man," Friberg said. "He had integrity. He would die before he would break his word."

Perhaps that explains why Friberg has lettered these words on one of his studio walls: "I believe in God and DeMille."

Friberg's artistic pioneering continued when the Chevrolet division of General Motors asked Friberg to paint a series of football pictures.

"It hadn't ever been done before," he said. "There had been hunting and fishing pictures, but no paintings of organized sports up until that time. However, there have been a lot of them since then."

Friberg ventured into more uncharted territory to create such masterpieces as "Before the Railroad," an oil depicting pioneers crossing the plains; "The Prayer at Valley Forge," showing a cold, lonely and overburdened George Washington kneeling in the snow; and "The Prayer in the Grove," focusing on Joseph Smith's great faith and his quest for truth.

During recent years Friberg has been blazing trails with Western art, which is sold through the Alan Husberg Fine Arts Gallery in Scottsdale, Ariz. Another recent work, quite different from any other by Friberg is a two-tone pen-and-ink drawing he created for ZCMI's 125th anniversary. The work is an excellent example of Friberg's ability to combine lettering, decorative elements, buildings, people, horses and other imagery. And once again, Friberg said, this was a pioneering project.

"The promoters didn't know exactly what they wanted," he said. Still, he

was able to take something intangible and transform it into something tangible. As usual, authenticity and detail fill the composition. But Friberg wanted more. "I wanted to bring to life the idea that (125 years ago) we had a good, clean civilization and thriving businesses," he said.

A close look at the work shows that he succeeded. Friberg's talent has not deteriorated with age, even though he recently celebrated his 80th birthday. He's still a ball of fire, and his talent is at its peak.

And that, according to Friberg, is more than just a blessing. It's a responsibility.

"(Talent) is a special gift that speaks out to a select few," he said. "You are given a vision, and then you must be its servant; you have to do whatever it dictates. When you have talent, you can see the possibilities — those things that can give the painting completion.

"It's not enough to be authentic; research is not enough. You must be able to breathe life into your work. Then it will reach out and speak to people."

Blessed with talent, good health and longevity, Friberg continues to paint, and will continue to do so as long as he's able. But he admits the thought of one day being unable to do so is painful to him. "I feel a certain urgency to do what I can while I still have strength," he said. "Now, when I paint a stagecoach, for example, I realize it may be my last. So it has to be the best stagecoach I can paint."

And somehow, you know he's going to find the way to do just that. ▼

Eliza Platt was one of numerous pioneers who watched with dread as a thick, black cloud of hungry crickets approached their settlement. She looked at her garden and wished there was something she could do to protect the tender young plants. Suddenly, she had an idea. She hurried inside and gathered her lovely, hand-made quilts. She brought them out to the garden, where she carefully spread them out over the top of her crops to protect them from the onslaught of insects. Then she hurried inside.

The crickets came with a roaring sound like thousands of clippers mowing the fields bare. Then came the sea gulls, and with them, tears and rejoicing.

Later, when Eliza finally went around the house to collect her quilts, she gasped and stopped short. The quilts were gone, without a thread or a trace to be found anywhere.

Oh, yes — and the garden was gone, too. ▼

You've heard about Orrin Porter Rockwell's skill with a gun. But what about his touch with a needle and thread?

Pioneer Robert Gardner wrote in his journal of the time he was working up Mill Creek Canyon and had a serious accident. A log struck his leg and peeled



Illustration by Brian Bean

off a big chunk of flesh right to the bone. Painfully, and with some fear because of the amount of blood he was losing, he made his way to Father Neff's Mill (named for John Neff Sr., who built the first mill in Utah) at the mouth of the canyon, where he called out for help.

Porter Rockwell, who happened to be visiting the Neff home at the time, came out to offer assistance. His first aid? Liquor, applied directly to the wound. Then he helped Gardner into the Neff home and had him sit near the fire. He washed Gardner's leg and got a handful of fine salt and laid it on the bone. Then he pulled the flesh back up over it and

sewed it closed with a needle and some silk thread. When the wound was closed, Rockwell bandaged it with a flannel cloth — thus saving Robert Gardner's leg. And possibly, his life. ▼

Pioneer men were often called upon to use their strength, but not often in the way William Durrant did.

Standing alone in a circle of strange young men, William was mystified. It was his first venture into the business district of the city since his arrival in the valley of the Great Salt Lake. All he had done was ask a simple question: "Which way be the Zion store?" The men, lounging

indolently against the side of a building, looked him up and down, and then without a word walked over and surrounded him. First one gave him a shove, then another.

William could not guess their purposes, but enough was enough. He stooped, grasped one of the men by the ankles and swung him up and around in a circle, knocking the others over like ten pins. When able, they silently slunk away.

"If he was a little slow on the uptake," his granddaughter, Verna Durrant Humphries wrote of the event, "it was only because he did not expect to encounter such ruffians in this City of the Saints. Here he hoped only to use his God-given strength for tilling the soil and building up Zion." ▼

(Source: *The Deseret News*, July 18, 1977)

Do you have an amusing pioneer anecdote or an interesting pioneer tale that you'd like to share? We'd love to hear from you. Please send your stories to Deseret Views, c/o The National Society of the Sons of Utah Pioneers, 3301 E. 2920 South, Salt Lake City, Utah 84109.

INSIDE BACK COVER

"Scandinavian Saints" by Danquart Anton Weggeland Oil on Canvas Courtesy Museum of Church History and Art





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